

## **Flood**

After a glut of heresy  
We are believers again.  
We worship mud.

We admired  
The slick swerving run  
Of the floodcat  
But simply adore

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# Mascara Literary Review

The lumbering trudge  
Of the mudox.

The floodcat  
Was a thing of marvel  
But outran  
The marvellous  
That abides in memory.

Whereas the mudox  
Neither runs nor roars  
But dumbly pours  
Its fat protean bulk  
Into wretched dreams  
And exhausted boots  
And open graves,  
And champagne glasses  
Crammed with gold dentures.

Until everything  
Is a smother of mudlove:  
A sprig of rose,  
Wisecracks imported  
From Scotland,  
Sixty bolts of excellent linen,  
And this town of course,  
A muddy tract of skin  
Which is the tract of memory  
Composed of silt and silage,  
A luscious, impervious heaven  
Refuting the blasphemy  
Of a single raindrop.